

"Tis the voice of the Lobster:  
 I heard him declare  
 'You have baked me too brown,  
 I must sugar my hair.'  
 As a duck with its eyelids,  
 so he with his nose  
 Trims his belt and his buttons,  
 and turns out his toes.  
 When the sands are all dry,  
 he is gay as a lark,  
 And will talk in contemptuous  
 tones of the Shark:  
 But, when the tide rises  
 and sharks are around,  
 His voice has a timid  
 and tremulous sound."

"That's different from what I used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing: she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She ca'n't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted. "How could he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing," Alice said; but she was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated: "it begins '*I passed by his garden.*'"

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

*I passed by his garden,  
 and marked, with one eye,  
 How the Owl and the Panther  
 were sharing a pie:  
 The Panther took pie-crust,  
 and gravy, and meat,*

